

# Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 22.

Boston, June, 1889.

No. 1.



"GET-YOUR-HAIR-CUT."

## GET-YOUR-HAIR-CUT.

Into the house he came running,  
And begged me to cut off his curls,  
Over his head richly clustered,  
As bright and as fair as a girls.

"Why would you lose them, my darling?"  
"Because our old hen," pouted he,  
"Screams, when we meet, 'Get-your-hair-cut!  
Get-your-hair-cut!'—I know she means me!"

GEORGE COOPER.

[We are indebted for "Get-your-hair-cut" to that beautiful children's monthly, published by Russell & Co., Boston, "Our Little Ones and the Nursery."]

## COLLEGE PRIZE ESSAY.

We wish to call special attention to the supplement of this paper containing "The College Prize Essay" which won the one hundred dollar prize.

## THE POWER OF MUSIC AND A NOBLE LIFE.

When *Ole Bull*, the great musician who, more than any other artist, made the violin speak and sing and weep and laugh and triumph (for it seemed when he drew the bow across the strings as if earth and heaven trembled in delighted sympathy)—when this great musician—in a room looking off upon the sea, surrounded by his favorite instruments of music, closed his eyes in death *the world* mourned his departure. Sixteen crowded steamers fell into the line of his funeral procession to carry his body to the mainland.

Fifty thousand of his countrymen gathered in an amphitheatre of the hills, and it is said that when the great orator of the day began to speak, fifty thousand people on the hillsides were in tears.—TALMAGE.

## GOOD-BY, GOD BLESS YOU.

I like the Anglo-Saxon speech  
With its direct revealings:  
It takes a hold and seems to reach  
Far down into your feelings;  
That some folk deem it rude, I know,  
And therefore they abuse it;  
But I have never found it so,  
Before all else I choose it.  
I don't object that men should air  
The Gallic they have paid for,  
With "*au revoir*," "*adieu, ma chere*,"  
For that's what French was made for.  
But when a crouny takes your hand  
At parting to address you,  
He drops all foreign lingo, and  
He says: "*Good by, God bless you!*"

This seems to me a sacred phrase  
With reverence impassioned;  
A thing come down from righteous days,  
Quaintly, but nobly fashioned.  
It well becomes an honest face,  
A voice that's round and cheerful;  
It stays the sturdy in his place,  
And soothes the weak and fearful;  
Into the porches of the ears  
It steals with subtle unction,  
And in your heart of hearts appears  
To work its gracious function;  
And all day long with pleasing song  
It lingers to caress you.  
I'm sure no human heart goes wrong  
That's told "*Good-by, God bless you!*"

I love the words, perhaps because  
When I was leaving mother,  
Standing at last in solemn pause  
We looked at one another,  
And I,—I saw in mother's eyes  
The love she could not tell me,  
A love eternal as the skies,  
Whatever fate befell me.  
She put her arms about my neck,  
And soothed the pain of leaving,  
And, though her heart was like to break,  
She spoke no word of grieving;  
She let no tear bedim her eye,  
For fear that might distress me,  
But, kissing me, she said "*good-by*,"  
And asked our God to bless me.  
[EUGENE FIELD, in the Chicago News.]

## A STORY OF CONGRESSMAN REED.

Reed stood one day in front of the Hamilton house, on Fourteenth street, where he lives. There is a hill there, not steep, but sometimes slippery. A colored man was urging a horse attached to a heavily loaded wagon. Twice the animal slipped and fell, and the driver beat the beast with his whip. Presently Reed stepped forward. In that sharp, twangy voice so often heard and generally feared in the house he commanded the negro to desist. The man again raised his whip, when Reed's big arm swung out and caught the driver's wrist in a strong grasp. Reed held him thus as in a vise for one full minute, pouring out such a flood of reproof as that colored man had never before heard. The man winced, wilted. He was mastered, physically and morally. And the end of the incident was a drawing of the wagon to one side of the street, Reed assisting the driver therein, and a sending of the poor horse away to the blacksmith to have new shoes put on his old feet.—*Washington Letter*.

## A LESSON OF GRATITUDE.

A gentleman making inquiries in Russia about the method of catching bears in that country, was told that to entrap them a pit was dug several feet deep, and after covering it over with turf, leaves, etc., some food was placed on the top. The bear, tempted by the bait, easily fell into the snare.

"But," he added, "if four or five happen to get in together, they will all get out again."

"How is that?" asked the gentleman.

"They form a sort of ladder by stepping on each other's shoulders and thus make their escape."

"But how does the bottom one get out?"

"Ah! these bears, though not possessing a mind and soul such as God has given us, yet feel gratitude; and they won't forget the one who has been the chief means of procuring their liberty. Scampering off, they fetch the branch of a tree, which they let down to their brother, enabling him to join them in the freedom in which they rejoice."

Sensible bears, we would say, are better than some people that we hear about, who never help anybody but themselves.

## SILENCING THE DONKEY.

I have no doubt that the donkey believes himself, when braying, to be executing a vocal solo to the highest excellence, and that, according to the poet, "He sings both loud and clear."

As some of my readers may be incapable of appreciating the song, I will mention a device whereby the Turks induce the too vocal donkey to be silent against his will. Just as, before a cock crows, he finds it necessary to stretch out his neck to the utmost, so the donkey feels himself compelled to begin his performance by holding his nose in the air and his tail parallel with his spine.

When, therefore, a Turk wishes to silence his donkey, he ties a tolerably heavy stone to the end of the animal's tail, and departs with an easy mind. When the donkey feels inclined to bray, and begins the usual preliminaries, he finds himself debarred from placing the tail at the requisite angle, and in consequence is unable to do justice to the bravura with which he was purposing to favor the world. So he postpones his song for a future opportunity, and peace falls upon the neighborhood.—*Chautauquan*.

## WORSE THAN MARRIAGE.

A bachelor, old and cranky,  
Was sitting alone in his room;  
His toes with the gout were aching,  
And his face was o'erspread with gloom.

No little one's shouts disturbed him,  
From noises the house was free,  
In fact from the attic to cellar  
Was quiet as quiet could be.

But still there was something wanting,  
Something he couldn't command;  
The kindly words of compassion,  
The touch of a gentle hand.

And he said, as his brow grew darker,  
And he rang for the hireling nurse,  
"Well, marriage may be a failure,  
But this is a blamed sight worse."

The names of what three writers does a man use when he puts his hand on a hot stove? DICKENS, HOWITT, BURNS.

## HOW SHE ATTRACTED NOTICE.

This little incident—it is a true story—occurred a few years ago in Philadelphia.

The owner of a large retail store gave a holiday to all his employees, in the middle of June. Cashiers, foremen, salesmen and women, cash-boys and porters, all were invited to spend the day on the grounds of the country seat owned by their employer. Tents were erected, a bountiful dinner and supper were provided, a band of music was stationed in the grove, and special trains were chartered to carry the guests to the country and home again.

Nothing else was talked of for weeks before the happy day. The saleswomen, most of whom were young, anxiously planned their dresses, and bought cheap and pretty muslins, which they made up in the evenings, that they might look fresh and gay. Even the cash-boys bought new cravats and hats for the great occasion.

There was one girl, whom we shall call Jane, who could not indulge herself in any pretty bit of finery. She was the only child of a widowed mother who was paralyzed. Jane was quick and industrious, but she had been but a few months in the store and her wages barely kept her and her mother from want.

"What shall you wear?" said the girl who stood next her behind the counter. "I bought such a lovely blue lawn."

"I have nothing but this," said Jane, glancing down at her rusty black merino.

"But that is a winter dress! You'll melt, child. There'll be dancing and play croquet and croquet. You must have a summer gown, or else don't go."

Girls of 15 like pretty gowns. Jane said nothing for a few minutes.

"I shall wear this," she said firmly. "And I think I will go. Mother wishes it."

"But you can't dance or play croquet in that!"

"It is always fun to see other people have fun," said Jane, bravely.

The day came, bright and hot, and Jane went in her heavy, well-darned dress. She gave up all idea of "fun" for herself and set to work to help the others find it. On the cars she busied herself in finding seats for the little girls and helping the servants with the baskets of provisions. On the grounds she started games for the children, ran to lay the table, brought water to the old ladies, was ready to pin up torn gowns, or to applaud a "good ball!" she laughed and was happy and friendly all the time. She did not dance nor play; but she was surrounded by a cheerful, merry group wherever she went.

On the way home to town the employer, who was a shrewd business man, beckoned to his superintendent.

"There is one girl here whose friendly, polite manner is very remarkable. She will be valuable to me as a saleswoman. Give her a good position. That young woman in black," and he pointed her out.

The next day Jane was promoted into one of the most important departments, and since that time her success has been steady.

The good humor and kindness of heart which enabled her to "find fun in seeing others have fun" were the best capital for her in her business. She had the courage too, to disregard poverty and to make the best of life, a courage which rarely fails to meet its reward.

## WORTH REMEMBERING.

If a person falls in a fit let him remain on the ground, provided his face be pale; for should it be fainting or temporary suspension of the heart's action, you may cause death by raising him upright. Do not bleed him, as that would be fatal. But if the face be red or dark colored, raise him on his seat, throw cold water on his head immediately, and send for a surgeon and get a vein opened, or fatal pressure on the brain may ensue.

It am powerful easy to discriminate between a wise man an' a fanatic. De wise man belongs to our party; de fanatic, to de opposishun.



Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.  
 GEO. T. ANGELL, President; SAMUEL E. SAWYER,  
 Vice-President; REV. THOMAS TIMMINS, Secretary;  
 JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Treasurer.

Over five thousand eight hundred branches  
 of the Parent American Band of Mercy have  
 been formed, with probably over four hundred  
 thousand members.

## PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living  
 creatures, and try to protect them from cruel  
 usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross  
 out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P.  
 C. A. on our badges mean "Merciful Society Prevention  
 of Cruelty to all."

We send *without cost*, to every person asking,  
 a copy of "Band of Mercy" information and  
 other publications.

Also, *without cost*, to every person who writes  
 that he or she has formed a "Band of Mercy"  
 by obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or  
 children or both—either signed, or *authorized*  
*to be signed*—to the pledge, also the name chosen  
 for the "Band" and the name and post-office  
 address [town and state] of the President:

1st, Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANI-  
 MALS," full of interesting stories and pictures,  
 for one year.

2d, Copy of Band of Mercy Information.

3d, Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.

4th, Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals,  
 containing many anecdotes.

5th, Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pic-  
 tures and one hundred selected stories and  
 poems.

6th, For the President, an imitation gold  
 badge.

The head officers of *Juvenile Temperance*  
*Associations* and teachers and Sunday school  
 teachers should be Presidents of Bands of Mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member, but to  
 sign the pledge or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years  
 old can form a Band with no cost, and receive  
 what we offer, as before stated.

To those who wish badges, song and hymn  
 books, cards of membership, and a membership  
 book for each Band, the prices are, for badges,  
 gold or silver imitation, eight cents; ribbon,  
 four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-  
 two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of  
 membership, two cents; and membership book,  
 eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kind-  
 ness to Animals" cost only two cents for the  
 whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The  
 Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hun-  
 dred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do  
 a kind act, to make the world happier or bet-  
 ter, is invited to address, by letter or postal,  
 Geo. T. Angell, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street,  
 Boston, Massachusetts, and receive full in-  
 formation.

## A Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings.

1—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat  
 the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]

2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of  
 last Meeting by Secretary.

3—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and Anec-  
 dotes of good and noble sayings, and deeds done to  
 both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instru-  
 mental music.

4—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they  
 have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and  
 better.

6—Enrollment of new members.

7—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

## PARENT AMERICAN BAND OF MERCY.

Any boy, girl, man or woman can come to our offices,  
 sign the above "Band of Mercy" pledge, and receive a  
 beautifully-tinted paper certificate that the signer is a *Life*  
*Member* of the "Parent American Band of Mercy," and a  
*"Band of Mercy" member* of the Massachusetts Society for  
 the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, all without cost, or  
 can write us that they wish to join, and by enclosing a two-  
 cent return postage stamp, have names added to the list,  
 and receive a similar certificate by mail. Those who wish  
 the badge and large card of membership, can obtain them  
 at the office by paying ten cents, or have them sent by mail  
 by sending us, in postage stamps or otherwise, twelve  
 cents.

Many of the most eminent men and women not only of  
 Massachusetts, but of the world, are members of the  
 "Parent American Band."

Bands can obtain our membership certi-  
 ficates at ten cents a hundred.

## THE EMOTIONAL LIFE OF A HORSE.

The emotional life of a horse is remarkable.  
*There are instances on record where the death*  
*of the horse has been traced directly to grief.*  
 One instance is called to mind, which occurred  
 more than twenty years ago. A circus had been  
 performing in the little town of Unionville, Pa.,  
 when one of the trained horses sprained one of  
 his legs so that he could not travel. He was  
 taken to the hotel and put in a box stall. The  
 leg was bandaged, and he was made as comfort-  
 able as possible. He ate his food and was  
 apparently contented until about midnight,  
 when the circus began moving out of town.  
 Then he became restless and tramped and  
 whined. As the caravan moved past the hotel  
 he seemed to realize that he was being deserted,  
 and his anxiety and distress became pitiful. He  
 would stand with his ears pricked in an attitude  
 of intense listening, and then as his ear caught  
 the sounds of the retiring wagons he would rush,  
 as best he could with his injured leg, from one  
 side of the stall to the other, pushing at the  
 door with his nose and making every effort to  
 escape. The stableman, who was a stranger to  
 him, tried to soothe him, but to no purpose.  
 He would not be comforted. Long after all  
 sounds of the circus had ceased his agitation  
 continued. The sweat poured from him in  
 streams and he quivered in every part of the  
 body. Finally the stableman went to the house,  
 woke up the proprietor and told him he believed  
 the horse would die if some of the circus horses  
 were not brought back to keep him company.  
 At about daylight the proprietor mounted a  
 horse and rode after the circus. He overtook it  
 ten or twelve miles away, and the groom who  
 had had charge of the injured horse, returned  
 with him. When they reached the stable the  
 horse was dead. The stableman said that he  
 remained for nearly an hour perfectly still and  
 with every sense apparently strained to the ut-  
 most tension, and then, without making a sign,  
 fell and died with scarcely a struggle. The vet-  
 erinary who was called remarked after the cir-  
 cumstances were told him that unquestionably  
 the horse died from grief. *If it is possible for*  
*all the mental faculties of the horse to become*  
*abandoned to grief to such an extent as to cause*  
*death, how much more does he appeal to the sym-*  
*pathy and regard of mankind.*—Kentucky Stock  
 Farm.

## ACCIDENT FUND.

Some years ago we proposed to the railroad  
 superintendents of Boston that a liberal sum  
 be set aside every year as an accident fund to  
 cover the cost of accidents at the close of each  
 year, all remaining to be divided among switch-  
 men, engineers and others upon whom the  
 safety of trains depends, pro rata in proportion  
 to their pay. This would tend to make em-  
 ployees careful themselves and careful to watch  
 others, and report sickness, drunkenness or  
 carelessness.

## WHAT RUSKIN SAYS.

If any animal deserves, as a reward for  
 services to man, and as a compensation  
 for days, weeks, and years of abuse—if any  
 animal deserves a tranquil future—a glorious  
 pasturage traversed by never-failing crystal  
 streams of water—surely that animal must be  
 the horse.

These views of animal pain and suffering,  
 and the doctrine of animal soul, are deeply  
 mingled with that of future retribution to  
 man for cruelty to the lower creation. Ruskin  
 has eloquently said, "Can any man account  
 for all that happens to a cab-horse? Has he  
 ever fairly looked at the fate of one of those  
 beasts as he is dying? Has he measured  
 the work it has done, and the reward it has  
 got? Has he ever put his hands on the  
 bloody sores through which its bones are  
 piercing, and so looked to Heaven with an  
 entire understanding of Heaven's ways about  
 the horse? Yet the fate of the horse is no  
 dream; no revelation among the myrtle  
 trees by night. And yonder happy person  
 who owned the horse until its knees were  
 broken over the hurdles; who sold it to a  
 cab owner as soon as it was blemished;  
 yonder happy person with an immortal soul,  
 with peace and wealth on earth, shall this  
 happy person have no stripes? If other  
 things are, indeed, reserved for him, Heaven's  
 kindness or justice might be in question  
 therefrom."

## WILL THE ROBIN SING THEN?

*Will the robin sing in that land,*

*That land so fair and so far,*  
*That lies, as our souls fondly dream,*  
*In the depths of the uttermost star?*

*Will the violet bloom in that land,*  
*And the mosses so sweet and so shy,*  
*All the dear common things that we love,*  
*In the dim, distant deeps of the sky?*

*Will the children sing in that land*  
*All the sweet, simple songs of the earth,*  
*And shall we rejoice and be glad*  
*In their music and frolicsome mirth?*

*Oh! will there be friends in that land,*  
*Friends who love and rejoice in our love,*  
*Will they look, will they speak, will they smile?*  
*Like our own mid the strangeness above?*

*Oh! shall we have homes in that land*  
*To return to where'er we may roam?*  
*Oh! the heart would be lonely and sad*  
*E'en in heaven if we had not a home.*

*I love not the new and the strange,*  
*But a friend and the clasp of his hand,*  
*Oh! I would that my spirit could know*  
*That the robin will sing in that land.*  
 —Hattie Tyng Griswold, in *Woman's Magazine*.

## TO LOOSEN A DOG'S HOLD.

A certain means of stopping a dog-fight, or  
 loosening a vicious dog's hold upon anything,  
 is showering something over the animals that  
 will produce sneezing. Be his will power ever  
 so strong, the motion of sneezing involuntarily  
 opens a dog's jaws.



## OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, June, 1889.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to  
GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk Street.

## BANDS OF MERCY.

We are glad to report this month in other columns *eighty-one* new branches of our "Parent Band of Mercy," making a grand total of *six thousand eight hundred and five*.

Friends will pardon short letters. Nearly *fourteen thousand a year, between forty and fifty for each working day, go out from our offices*.

Persons wishing a bound volume of this paper for a *library, reading room, or the public room of a large hotel*, can send us seventeen cents in postage stamps to pay postage and will receive the volume, or the stamps will be returned.

Persons wishing "*Our Dumb Animals*" for gratuitous distribution can send us five cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies, or ten cents and receive twenty copies.

## TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have "*Our Dumb Animals*" one year for twenty-five cents.

Canvassers can have sample copies free, and retain one-half of every fifty cent subscription.

## DOCKING HORSES \$100.

I hereby offer, in behalf of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, a prize of \$100 for evidence by which the Society shall convict any person in Boston or vicinity of the *life mutilation* of any horse by the practice called docking.

GEO. T. ANGELL,  
President.

## HARPER AND BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

The four stories and five pictures we gave in May "*Our Dumb Animals*," from Harper and Brothers new "*Fourth Readers*," were so interesting that we asked permission to print more, and so present in this number "*Child Life in Italy*," "*How the Boy Became a Sculptor*," and "*Tim's Dove*."

## ANONYMOUS COMMUNICATIONS.

Correspondents who wish *prompt* attention to complaints *must always send their names*, which when requested are *kept strictly confidential*. Our agents attend promptly to complaints *where names are given*. After this is done, if they have time left, they can look after anonymous complaints.

## ILLINOIS.

In May we gave an account of "*a grand hunt of a tame deer, and some tame foxes*" to take place near Chicago. We are delighted to see in "*The Humane Journal*" that President Shortall succeeded in breaking up this entertainment. We congratulate President Shortall and admire his course in this matter.

THE FIRST LAW IN THE WORLD  
AGAINST DOCKING.

[CHAPTER 267.]

## COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

IN THE YEAR ONE THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED  
AND EIGHTY-NINE.

## AN ACT

TO PREVENT THE MUTILATION OF HORSES.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Court assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows:—

Whoever cuts the solid part of the tail of any horse in the operation known as docking, or by any other operation performed for the purpose of shortening the tail, and whoever shall cause the same to be done, or assist in doing such cutting, unless the same is proved to be a benefit to the horse, shall be punished by imprisonment in the jail not exceeding one year, or by fine of not less than one hundred nor more than two hundred and fifty dollars. One half of all fines collected under this act upon, or resulting from, the complaint or information of an officer or agent of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, shall be paid over to said society in aid of the benevolent objects for which it was incorporated.

House of Representatives, April 17, 1889.  
Passed to be enacted.

WILLIAM E. BARRETT, Speaker.

In Senate, April 18, 1889.  
Passed to be enacted.

HARRIS C. HARTWELL, President.

Approved.

OLIVER AMES,  
Governor of Massachusetts.

## THE DOCKING OF HORSES.

As our readers know, we have obtained a law which punishes this crime in Massachusetts by imprisonment in jail not exceeding one year, or by fine of not over \$250 nor less than \$100, *to every person who authorizes—does—or assists in this cruel operation*.

The following, from the *Boston Daily Evening Transcript* of May 1st, tells how this cruel practice is regarded by eighty-two of our Boston ladies occupying the highest social positions.

## A POWERFUL PROTEST

is that of several score of leading ladies of Boston, published today, against the fashionable "*docking*" of horse's tails. *It will make that hideous atrocity unfashionable, at least in this city*. For we take it for granted that these ladies will neither themselves use horses mutilated by this illegal practice nor patronize those stable-keepers who allow or countenance it in any way. Boston women have accomplished social reforms of importance before this, *but none more wholesome than one which compels decent regard for the rights of the noble horse, man's most useful friend among the animals*. Where cruelty goes

unthought of, there every crime will flourish. That "*docking*" is a cruelty is evident when one reflects that the parts amputated are supplied with skin, muscles, nerves, blood-vessels, ligaments, bones—in fact, the same structure as one's limb—and the same pathologic condition which would exist in a man's arm or leg that is cut into can exist in a horse's tail. Admit that it is a short operation (so is cutting off a man's leg, which has been done in forty-five seconds), the consequences to the horse are life-long, and when in aged and run-down condition and in poor hands—and stylish nags come to that all the sooner for docking—most lamentable.

## DOCKING HORSES' TAILS.

A Remarkable Protest of Boston Ladies  
Against the Cruel Practice.

The undersigned ladies protest against the present practice of docking the tails of horses, as a painful and cruel operation, as a mutilation of the animal for life, and as a fashion devoid of grace and beauty.

Mrs. Robt. Treat Paine.	Miss Sarah C. Paine.
Mrs. Bryant.	Mrs. Francis Brooks.
Mrs. Martin Brimmer.	Mrs. John Lowell.
Mrs. John Bigelow.	Mrs. Rotch.
Mrs. Amos A. Lawrence.	Mrs. Fields.
Mrs. O. W. Peabody.	Mrs. C. F. Paine.
Mrs. J. T. Cushing.	Mrs. J. Collins Warren.
Mrs. Charles W. Eliot.	Mrs. Wharton.
Mrs. Mary Hemenway.	Miss Eliza C. Winthrop.
Miss Anna C. Lowell.	Mrs. Geo. Baty Blake.
Mrs. G. H. Shaw.	Miss Lucy A. Folger.
Mrs. Algernon Coolidge.	Mrs. George J. Fiske.
Mrs. P. H. Sears.	Mrs. R. D. Smith.
Mrs. Chas. P. Putnam.	Mrs. Frederic Cunningham, Jr.
Mrs. Wm. F. Cary.	Mrs. Wm. P. Lyman.
Miss M. M. Hunt.	Mrs. James Jackson.
Mrs. Appleton.	Mrs. Walter Dabney.
Mrs. Walter C. Cabot.	Mrs. Mary B. Claffin.
Mrs. Francis P. Sprague.	Mrs. Russell.
Mrs. Edward Cunningham.	Mrs. Richard Codman.
Mrs. Robert G. Shaw.	Mrs. Francis Allen.
Mrs. Louis Agassiz.	Mrs. Henry Whitman.
Mrs. F. W. Sargent.	Mrs. Samuel C. Cobb.
Mrs. Augustus Hemenway, Jr.	Mrs. Parkinson.
Mrs. F. R. Sears, Jr.	Mrs. Richard Warren.
Mrs. Arthur T. Lyman.	Mrs. Dr. Brown.
Mrs. A. S. Wheeler.	Mrs. David W. Cheever.
Mrs. G. A. Hilton.	Miss M. P. Sears.
Mrs. Dwight.	Miss S. D. Gore.
Miss Lyman.	Miss A. M. Storer.
Miss Wharton.	Miss Lily Bangs.
Miss Annie P. Loring.	Miss Marianne Paine.
Miss Dodge.	Miss Lily Ward.
Miss Alice Russell.	Miss A. L. Sears.
Miss Goddard.	Miss M. G. Storer.
Miss Elizabeth C. Putnam.	Miss Helen Paine.
Miss Edith Rotch.	Miss A. F. Reynolds.
Miss Miriam P. Loring.	Mrs. Chas. G. Loring.
Miss A. Morrill.	Miss Clara T. Endicott.
	Miss Sarah B. Fay.
	Mrs. Charles H. Dorr.
	Mrs. George W. Wales.
	Miss Helen Loring.

The above appears in the various Boston daily papers of May 1st and 2nd.

## CALCUTTA.

The Calcutta Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals prosecuted 7,000 cases last year. The Calcutta Society, as we understand it, does nothing in the way of humane education but "*proves its doctrine orthodox by Apostolic blows and knocks*."

## WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF THE BANDS OF MERCY?

I answer: To teach and lead every child and older person to seize every opportunity to say a kind word, or do a kind act that will make some other human being or some dumb creature happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL,

*President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk St., Boston.*

### "LOOKING BACKWARD."

It was an ancient fable that the world stood on an elephant, and the elephant stood on a tortoise, but what the tortoise stood on was not known. In reading Mr. Bellamy's very clever and interesting book with the above title, which is now being so greatly praised by the American press and many of our best writers, we are reminded of this fable.

The Utopia he pictures is beautiful, but so long as the columns of our newspapers are filled with prize fights and the records of crime—so long as great masses of our boys and girls are fed on dime novels—so long as nations maintain great standing armies, and teach their youth by song, story, and statues that the highest glory is to fight other nations—so long as the highest happiness is supposed to be found in the accumulation of vast wealth—so long will it be impossible to create the millennium Mr. Bellamy pictures.

We have got to begin at the foundation, and educate a generation in the principles of kindness and mercy, before we can secure the wise, good and peaceful governments he describes, which are to take just, equitable and paternal charge of all the property of their respective nations, and make every man, woman and child in them prosperous and happy.

But if Mr. Bellamy had gone one step farther, and shown how in the last part of the nineteenth century the attention of the world's patriots and philanthropists had been called to the importance of humanely educating the children of their respective nations—how by song, story, and instruction in all the schools, every child was faithfully taught to make itself happier by trying every day to say kind words and do kind acts, both to human beings and the lower creatures, which should make them happier—how prizes and honors were awarded to those who most excelled in this—how free kindergartens were established for this purpose—and the young children of the criminal classes were also thus educated, and every criminal, by the commission of crime, forfeited the right of custody of his children, which were placed in surroundings suitable to make them good citizens—how through such work as "The American Humane Education Society" and its "Bands of Mercy" are now undertaking, a whole generation were brought up to a noble manhood and womanhood—if Mr. Bellamy had shown this, he would have built upon a rock as firm as the everlasting laws of the universe.

Mr. Bellamy has planned a beautiful structure, but has forgotten that a foundation must be laid before it can be built—and that foundation is in educating the coming generation, so that each shall strive to outdo others in kind acts and kind words towards both human beings and God's lower creatures.

GEO. T. ANGELL,

*President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk Street, Boston.*

Never resent a seeming slight, but smile and bear it.

## SOME OF THE OBJECTS OF THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY.

(1) To take charge of the thousands of Bands of Mercy, formed and now forming, all over this country. This should be the work of a National, and not, as hitherto, of a State Society.

(2) By circulation of humane literature, prizes, and otherwise, to interest and enlist the teachers of every State and Territory to carry humane instruction into all American Public and Private Schools.

(3) To enlist the educational, religious and secular press of the country to help form a public sentiment, which will tend to check wars, riots, and crimes of violence, and hasten the coming of peace on earth and good will, not only to men, but also to all harmless living creatures.

(4) To enlist the Protestant and Roman Catholic Clergy of the country in efforts to unite religious and humane education in all their Churches and Sunday Schools.

(5) Through the employment of suitable agents, and otherwise, to endeavor to organize active and enduring Humane Societies in states and territories where they are much needed.

It is hoped through a vigorous execution of plans, which have been already carefully considered, to make "The American Humane Education Society" one of the most useful and powerful of American Missions.

### CERTIFICATES OF MEMBERSHIP.

Certificates of membership will be sent to all who join our "American Humane Education Society."

On the back we have had printed the last three verses of that beautiful hymn of Edmund Hamilton Sears, beginning

*"It came upon the midnight clear,  
That glorious song of old."*

### A VERY IMPORTANT LETTER.

The following from the National Superintendent of Juvenile Work of the "Woman's Christian Temperance Union," carries under the most favorable auspices our humane literature to the State and Territorial Superintendents of forty-two States and Territories:

BOSTON, May 8, 1889.

GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq.

My Dear Sir,—You will remember that I promised some little time ago to send you the names of all our State and Territorial Superintendents of Juvenile Work, and you kindly offered to send them such literature as would give them a knowledge of your Bands of Mercy. I have been so overwhelmed that I have been delayed in fulfilling my part of the promise, but I now enclose the names. I have notified these ladies that they will receive literature from you.

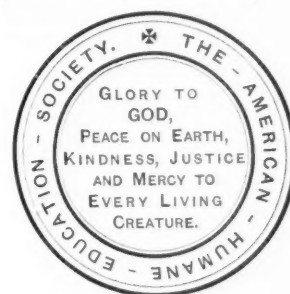
Respectfully,

HELEN G. RICE,

*National Superintendent of Juvenile Department for the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.*

Success at the cost of honor and character is too expensive.

## The American Humane Education Society.



GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Secretary.

HON. HENRY O. HOUGHTON, Treasurer.

(OF HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.)

### FIRST DONATIONS TO THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY.

Mrs. William Appleton,.....	\$1,000
A Friend,.....	1,000
A. E. H.,.....	300
Mrs. Geo. Dickinson,.....	500
Miss Georgiana Kendall,.....	205
Mrs. J. H. French,.....	100
Philip G. Peabody,.....	10
Mary F. Metcalf,.....	5
Ellen Snow,.....	5
Mrs. A. G. R. Champlin,.....	50
S. R. U.,.....	25
E. Cavazza,.....	5
Charles F. Clark,.....	50
A. W.,.....	100
H. O. H.,.....	100
Mrs. Charles E. De Wolf,.....	50
Mrs. J. Arthur Beebe,.....	100
Mrs. B. S. Rotch,.....	100
H. E. Sargent,.....	5
Charles W. Parker,.....	10
The Most Rev. Archbishop Williams,.....	10
Coachmen's Benevolent Association,.....	20
Sophia M. Hale,.....	5
Wm. R. Robeson,.....	100
Miss S. R. Kendall,.....	50
Miss C. C. Kendall,.....	50
Mrs. John W. James,.....	5
Mrs. Edward Bringham,.....	5
M. F.,.....	100
Mrs. Anna E. McIntyre,.....	5
W. P. Stearns,.....	5
Mrs. Sarah B. Cone,.....	25
Dr. H. M. Field,.....	5
Mrs. Annie E. Lowry,.....	100
S. B. F.,.....	200
Mrs. C. A. L. Sibley,.....	200
Miss Veronica Dwight,.....	5
Miss Cora H. Clarke,.....	5
Wm. G. Means,.....	50
Miss A. G. Tappan,.....	5
Louis Prang,.....	25
Mrs. F. B. Powell,.....	5
A Friend,.....	150
Philip G. Peabody,.....	25

\$4,875

Two things come not back,—the sped arrow and the spoken word. — Caliph Omar.

## THE COLLEGE PRIZE ESSAYS.

In competition for the \$100 prize offered to all American college and university students for the best essay on the "*Effect of humane education on the prevention of crime*" thirty-five essays were received from students in thirty-four colleges and universities.

Most of them were good; some very good; some excellent.

Some of the ablest were ruled out because of the subject.

They were all carefully read. The best were re-read, and finally the six best were submitted to a committee consisting of Mr. Edward H. Clement, editor-in-chief of the Boston Daily Evening Transcript—Hon. Daniel Needham, a director of the Massachusetts Society—Col. T. W. Higginson, a gentleman of national literary reputation, and a fourth gentleman whose name and fame as a writer are well known to the American people, but who prefers that his name should not be publicly used.

The six thought best were written by students of Knox College, Illinois—Beloit College, Wisconsin—Wellesley College, Mass.—Lebanon Valley College, Pennsylvania—Missouri State University, Mo.—and Harvard University, Mass.

The \$100 was awarded to essay written by Ralph W. Trine of Knox College, Galesburg, Illinois.

This essay will be published in full in June "*Our Dumb Animals*."

Extracts from other essays which came near winning the prize will be published in subsequent months.

It is a pleasure to know that the winner of the \$100 prize is a young gentleman who is working his own way through college, and is certified by his President to be a most worthy and honored student.

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk Street, Boston.

## RHODE ISLAND.

We are glad to receive from Rhode Island an order for 3,900 copies of our humane publications, to be distributed to Rhode Island teachers.

## PLEASANT LETTER FROM OREGON.

OFFICE OF CITY SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

PORTLAND, OREGON, May 9, 1889.

GEO. T. ANGELL, ESQ.,

DEAR SIR:

Inclosed please find draft for forty-four dollars (\$44), for which send copies of your most excellent paper to the persons named in the accompanying list.

Very truly yours,

E. C. SABIN,  
Superintendent of Schools.

## FLORIDA.

We have been supplying the Florida Legislature with "*Our Dumb Animals*" monthly, and various members with copies of our laws and other information. We are pleased to learn that the Legislature will probably enact a vigorous law against cruelty to animals, and that the State Society at Jacksonville has recently received nearly a hundred new members.

## "THE SEALING VESSELS ARE FLOATING HELLS."

Mr. Henry B. Blackwell, of "*The Woman's Journal*," sends us a description of the seal fisheries, taken from the "*Nineteenth Century*," in which we find the above title fitly used. [It is estimated that over five hundred thousand seals have been killed this spring off the east and north coasts of Newfoundland with such cruelty as ought to arouse the indignation of the whole civilized world. One vessel entered the harbor of St. John's with thirty-eight thousand killed within nineteen days.]

"When frightened or hurt the seals sob and cry like children in pain, and large tears roll from their dark and pleading eyes."

"Here you behold a heap of seals writhing and crimsoning the ice with their blood—there you see another lot while life is not extinguished stripped of their skin and fat."

There is nothing in Dante's Inferno to surpass the horrors of this description of the seal fisheries.

Are the men who own and control these vessels demons?

Do they go to church Sundays and pray for God's mercy?

Do you, kind reader, know any of these men?

If so, for God's sake and humanity's sake try to stop these scenes.

Try to bring their little children into "*Bands of Mercy*," and through the children reach the fathers, so that orders shall be given to kill these poor creatures more mercifully—that they shall not have their skins and fat stripped from them while still alive.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## THE SEAL FISHERIES.

Complaint is made to us of terrible cruelty in the Seal Fisheries. We have written Mr. Wetmore, Secretary of the New Brunswick Society. He will communicate with the Halifax Society, and do all possible. But after all, there is but one effective remedy, and that is the general humane education which our "*American Humane Education Society*" would be glad to carry into every American school and home if it had the means to do it.

G. T. A.

## INDIANAPOLIS.

We are glad to notice in the annual report of the Indiana Humane Society, recently received, a pleasant notice of the services of our friend Mr. Charles S. Hubbard who founded it. Caleb S. Denny is President, William H. Hobbs, Secretary.

## ELLEN M. GIFFORD SHELTERING HOME FOR ANIMALS AT BRIGHTON, MASS.

We are glad to receive the annual report of this useful institution, supported almost entirely by its founder, Mrs. Ellen M. Gifford, of New Haven, Conn., and in charge of its Vice-President and Treasurer, Mrs. Herbert B. Cushing, of Boston.

Whole number of dogs received during the year, 142; of which homes were found for 84; sold, 21; mercifully killed, 28; owners called for, 2; lost, 1. Cats received, 116; homes found for, 57; mercifully killed, 32; died, 23; owners called for, 1; expenses, \$1,900.00; receipts, \$1,900.10, of which \$1,799.85 was paid by Mrs. Gifford.

## LOUISIANA.

It is a pleasure to read every week the columns of the New Orleans Picayune, which, under the care of Mrs. Schaffter, are given to our work, and to notice the growth of protection of dumb animals in New Orleans.

## TWO SHORT STORIES.

Among the kind words we are reading and hearing about "*Our Dumb Animals*," it is not uncommon to find this paper spoken of as a paper that ought to be widely introduced into Sunday Schools.

A gentleman was telling us the other day how, when a boy, he was a most constant attendant at the Sunday School—in fact rather a bright and shining light there.—Yet during this time he hung nine cats, just for the fun of the thing, without a thought that he had done anything inconsistent with the teachings of the Sunday School.

The Rev. Theodore Clapp, of New Orleans, tells how, in his early days, he was compelled to stay in the house all day Sundays, and study the catechism—except when he went to church to listen to long sermons he could not understand. At the close of those days his good mother would put him to bed and say, "Now Theodore, you must be a good boy; because if you are a good boy, Theodore, you may sometime go to heaven—and heaven, Theodore, will be a perpetual Sabbath."

It is our belief that there is no better way to build up any church than to build up the Sunday School, and no better way to build up the Sunday School, than to make its hour the happiest of the whole week. We think that to what may be considered purely religious instruction should be added others, moral and humane, and would suggest whether any better plan can be found than to supplement the regular Sunday School paper with another filled with the noblest, best and most merciful stories, songs and poems, mingled with sufficient harmless spice to make it attractive. As the object of publishing this paper is not to make money but simply to do good—as its editor gives his time and services without any pecuniary compensation—and as we expect to spend on it thousands of dollars more than we get from it, we shall be glad to supply Sunday Schools at twenty-five cents per copy.

GEO. T. ANGELL,  
President and Editor.

## LISTENER IN THE BOSTON TRANSCRIPT.

The stories about dogs on railroad trains call out another. His master—so Listener is informed by a credible correspondent, habitually took the dog from one town to another. One day the dog heard his master say, "shut that dog up; I am going from S— to Boston today, and I can't take him with me." The dog disappeared. His owner took the train. No dog anywhere around; but stepping out at a way station en route he saw the dog peeping out of the baggage car door and watching him, evidently quite prepared to jump off, too, if his master did not get on board. The dog had got to the train first, and had popped into the baggage car and kept himself out of his master's view. If there is any canine equivalent for the expression, "*It's a cold day when I get left*," the dog, no doubt, uttered it when his master resumed charge of him on the train.—Boston Transcript.



## WHAT JOHN BRIGHT SAID AT THE SUNDAY SCHOOL CONFERENCE AT ROCKDALE, ENGLAND.

There is nothing to my mind more base, than to cruelly treat animals, who cannot answer, who cannot resent, who cannot avenge themselves, who cannot escape, and who, whatever their sufferings may be in many cases, are not able to utter a word about them. I don't know anything more base than the cruelty which you sometimes see shown to dogs and horses. I have a great affection for dogs, and a very great regard for horses. I think dogs are what are called more intelligent, but horses are much more intelligent than what the world generally gives them credit for; and with them, however much kindness is shown, that kindness is repaid a hundred or a thousandfold by the good services and the generous return they make for the good treatment they receive. *Therefore if I were talking to children, this is one of the things I should now and then call their attention to.*—London Animal World.

### FARMER BELL.

Farmer Bell did not believe in mental or moral sugar-plums in his own family circle. He was quite willing to commend friend or acquaintance, but he had a theory that *his own family* would be best improved by a Spartan discipline. The children must learn to do their duty without praise, and as for his wife, she had toiled for fifteen years without having once been told that she was a satisfactory housekeeper.

One night the two came home from a tea party at a neighbor's house, and Mrs. Bell, with the courage of the meek, said:

"Ezra, seems to me I heard you praise the mottoes the Smith girls worked?"

"Yes, I did," said Mr. Bell. "Real pretty they were for such nonsense."

"Your own girls have made some just like 'em. You'd better praise them. It'll tickle 'em to death. And didn't I hear you say that squash pie for supper was powerful nice?"

"Well, Miranda, 'twas a good pie."

"Was it a mite better'n mine, Ezra?"

"Well, no, I can't say as 'twas."

"When have you ever said one word to praise a pie or cake I've set afore you?"

"Maybe I aint praised ye much Miranda, but then I aint complained."

"Yes, you have," said Miranda. "Yes, you have! Sayin' nothin's complainin', sometimes. It's jest like pushin' a heavy load up hill, besides what ye have agreed to carry, to go along day after day an' not hear a word o' praise."

Ezra began to think and, although he by no means changed his spots entirely, he did from that time try to act on the theory that "women folks are fond of commendation."

### ARISE.

Arise! for the day is passing

While you lie dreaming on;

Your brothers are cased in armor,

And forth to fight are gone;

Your place in the ranks awaits you;

Each man has a part to play;

The past and the future are nothing

In the face of the stern to-day.



From "Harper's New Third Reader."

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### TIM'S DOVE.

#### TIM'S DOVE.

One day when little Tim Ray was picking berries in a field, he found a dove with a broken wing. He carried it home and bound the wing close to the dove's side with a linen band. Soon the wing was as well as ever, and the dove could fly again; but it did not want to fly away from Tim, for it had grown very tame. Tim was glad to have it stay, for he had no pets nor toys.

When he went to pick berries the dove would go too, sitting on his shoulder. Tim named it Fairy, and taught it to come at his call, and to eat from his hand. At night the dove would sometimes roost on the head of Tim's bed.

The next winter Tim's mother was taken very sick. There was no one to nurse her but Tim; and when she grew worse, day after day, and could not eat anything, Tim called a doctor to come and see her.

"She will get well if she has good food," said the doctor. "She must have some chicken soup, or meat broth."

Tim had no money to buy meat, for his mother was very poor. But he thought at once of his dove. He knew that it would make good broth, but he could not bear to kill it.

He took the little bird in his hands and carried it to a neighbor across the road.

"Please kill my dove, and make my mother some broth," he said; "for she is so sick, and she has nothing to eat."

Then he ran back home very fast, and tried not to think of his poor little dove. He did not want his mother to see him cry, for then she would say that the bird must not be killed.

In about an hour the neighbor brought some good hot broth; and when Tim's mother had taken it, she said she felt almost well again.

"You shall have some more to-morrow," said the woman. "I will make broth for you until you are quite well."

Tim followed the woman to the door as she went out, and said, so that his mother could not hear, that he had no more doves, and that he did not know how to get meat for more broth. But before the neighbor could speak, there was a little rustle of wings, and Fairy flew in and lighted on Tim's shoulder!

"You see I did not kill your dove," said the woman. "I made the broth from a chicken, and I have plenty more at home. You are a good boy to be willing to have your pet dove killed to make broth for your mother."

How happy Tim was! He loved his dove better than ever, now that he had it back again. His mother did not know until she was quite well how near she had come to eating poor little Fairy. — Harper's Third Reader.

#### [For Our Dumb Animals].

### DANDY; OR A NIGHT WITH A DOG.

Bow - wow - wow!

wow - wow!

wow!

What is the matter with Dandy? I do wish that dog would stop barking—he may be sick—well, if he is, some one will probably look after him. I needn't trouble myself; besides, it's too dark.

"Too dark;" but, oh dear! *that last bequest of my New England ancestors*, seems to go about with luminous paint smirched over its sides, for it confronts me in the dark as well as in the light.

Bow - wow - wow! Strange that no one goes down to see what the matter is with Dandy. Surely some one ought to. Then I hear my image speak. "Why not you?" I will not hear. I know not what the image means.

Bow - wow - wow! It now assumes a stately form, and confronts me with the high thoughts which had inspired me before I fell asleep. "So all that you need to redeem the world is opportunity." "Men are poor creatures, but when we women come to the front."

I writhe beneath these words, but still remain in bed; so my image changes its tune, and harps upon my inconvenient affection for Dandy.

"Poor little brute; everyone caresses him in the daytime, but at night he moans and wails with pain, while those who call him 'darling' and 'sweetheart,' stay in their comfortable beds. Well, when they see him stretched a little corpse—" Here I jump out of bed, get hastily into my wrapper and slippers, and start to light a candle, for even my stern monitor does not insist upon my going without a light into the lonely regions of the lower hall.

On my mantelpiece are two brass snakes with dainty, red, twisted waxen candles held in sockets at their mouths. They are ornamental, very; but I wish to-night that the wax would change to common tallow, for match after match is struck and burned before a candle lights, but at last there is a flicker. The clock strikes; I look to see the hour,—half past two of a chill winter's morning. A better hour to return in gay spirits from a ball than to creep down stairs to tend an ailing dog.

Dandy is delighted to see me, he jumps towards me, he fawns upon me, he actually

claws me, for his nails protrude like talons. I unchain him. He runs up stairs directly to my room, where he seems well contented to stay. I smile upon my image; call Dandy down-stairs, look to see if there is water in his bowl, and give him an old cushion on which he used to sleep before he was promoted to a basket. I then return to bed.

My image is now willing that I should sleep, though at first it disturbs me by saying that Dandy probably wanted to be let out; but reason here assists me; "No, for if he did, he would have run to the door when I unchained him instead of to my room." I try to sleep, but I am much too wide awake, and besides I wish to square accounts with my image, for it had no right to rouse me thus unnecessarily from the comforts of my bed.

A word for these images. *They are the unfortunate inheritance of most of the old families of New England. They were first brought to this country by the Puritans, or else by the Pilgrim Fathers, and they have been owned by their lineal descendants ever since; and the worst part of the possession is, that they must always be kept in sight, though they are sadly out of place in some of our beautifully decorated houses. No; there is no place in New England where they can be hidden.*

Bow-wow-wow! I had just dropped off into dreamland, when I was roused by an extra loud bark from Dandy; and by a knock at my door, followed by the words, "Dandy is all right. I went down and gave him some water, and Father went down to let him out. I felt his nose, he's—all—right." I slept.

The next morning at breakfast Dandy was greeted with sharp words and abuse. "You little villian, if you dare to behave so another night—well," laughed the only one at the table who did not come down stairs to assuage the grief of Dandy, "you may feel sure that he will, for all he wanted was attention, and of that he had enough."

We decide that we will not again yield so easily to the assaults of our images; and with this thought we go about our daily tasks.

At ten the door-bell rings; my next-door-neighbor is announced. Morning calls are not formal, so I ask her up stairs. She seems excited, suggests that I should close my chamber-door; then in a low voice she says to me: "Did you hear anything last night—no, about three o'clock this morning,—yes, just at three, for I looked at the clock?" I describe our night. "Well, I heard Dandy bark terrifically, then I heard a rattling on your steps. I knew that some one was trying to get into our two houses. I looked out; I saw nothing, so suppose the man was skulking in the shadow."

We go downstairs, we examine the window-sills and door, we see a place where a little paint has been flecked off, we hold each other's hand, we gasp. "That must be the mark of the jimmy. We call Dandy to us, we caress him, we use all sorts of endearing epithets, we tell him that he can bark every night if he will only keep the burglars out."

#### Cases Reported at Office in April.

For beating, 21; over-working and over-loading, 4; over-driving, 2; driving when lame or galled, 53; non feeding and non-sheltering, 18; abandoning, 1; torturing, 25; driving when diseased, 9; general cruelty, 46.

Total, 181.

Disposed of as follows, viz.: Remedied without prosecution, 61; warnings issued, 51; not found, 18; not substantiated, 31; anonymous, 4; prosecuted, 16; convicted, 11; four pending.

Animals taken from work, 27; horses and other animals killed, 56.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

#### OUR PONY, LITTLE FAN.

DEAR MR. ANGELL.—

The noble record of "*Bangor Colonel*," in *Our Dumb Animals*, makes me feel as if the story of my "*little Fan*" should come to your notice too. "Fannie" came into our family at six years old,—a bright, ambitious, gentle little creature. (scarcely more than pony size) with a soft black coat, white star in her forehead, and long, wavy mane and tail.

I can just remember the day she came to us; I was a very little girl, and mother told my brother and me that father had bought a new horse;—and then took us out to the stable to see her, and held me up to pat the silky black nose.

That was the beginning of our friendship, which lasted for twenty-five years.

Tradition came with her, that when she was a colt she used to draw the children on their sleds, and we could easily believe it.

Although she was not lacking in spirit, I used to both drive her and ride her on horseback, when I was scarcely eight years old—and we were always happy together. Well do I remember one experience of those early days! My father liked a good horse, and I never knew him to own one that needed a whip;—but the horses all knew when he had the reins, and were ready to respond at a sign of his will. I had noticed one little motion of the reins which always made Fan start into a very brisk trot, and in my childish head I pondered whether if I were to do the same she would go as fast for me. So I watched my chance; and one day when father drove into the yard with her, (harnessed into a light little two wheeled "gig") I asked him if I might take her to go just round the square. He said "yes," and Fan and I started off. Round the first corner I began my experiment. It worked to my entire satisfaction! So I continued the little motion of the reins, and Fan went faster and faster!—a good, "square," lively trot now,—when we reached the third corner, which was rather a sharp one, with a curb-stone almost at right angles, the first I knew I was sitting on the step of the gig, with the cushion on the floor. Circumstances alter cases, and the same enthusiasm which, a moment before, I had put into my desire to go faster, I now put into *stopping her!* And the gentle little creature responded just as obediently, while I gathered up the cushion and myself, and we went the rest of the way home very demurely. Shall I confess? that in my fear lest I shouldn't be trusted again so fully, I kept very quiet about it, and it was several years afterwards before my indulgent and careful father and mother knew anything about my experiment and its wonderful success!

Many were the good times that we had together, if I were to tell them all! And many good lessons did the little horse teach me of gentleness, trust, and patience.

She was very much afraid of firearms or any sudden noise; even the cracking of a whip on a passing team very nearly caused "a run-away" two or three times.

Once when she was out in pasture a gun was fired in the distance. She threw up her head and listened. A second report followed, and again she started! Then espying me at the other end of the pasture, she came galloping and whinnying as she came, and did not pause until her nose was laid confidently upon my shoulder. She had learned the spirit of the Psalmist's words better than some of us have learned it. "What time I am afraid I will trust Thee." Where she feared to go alone, she would unhesitatingly follow where I led her.

Children particularly were always attracted by her, and many times when they saw her would exclaim, "Oh, what a cunning little horse!" And she certainly was "cunning."

In many respects she resembled the Morgan, and I think must have been some relation to that justly celebrated family.

The last few years of her life were years of *rest* chiefly. She was promoted from servant and friend to simply *friend*.

Only occasionally I took her out in harness for a little gentle exercise; and even in those

last days the old *spirit* was still there—and I had to check her, knowing that her strength was then unequal to her ambition.

By-and-by, I saw that she was failing unmistakably; In spite of tenderest care, my little Fan could not last long. The thought was pitiful; I could not bear to think of it, and I could not let her *suffer*.

One day she lay down in her stall, and even with the help of two men I thought she never would get up again—dear little Fan!—that settled the question in my mind of what would be the kindest thing.

The veterinary surgeon whom I called said gently, in answer to my inquiry, that nature would never release the tired life without days of suffering;—and *that*, I could not have. And so, one sweet June night, we buried her at the foot of the orchard. And ever since that night I've thought that if there is a corner in heaven for horses, sometime I shall find little Fan again. But if not, I reverently thank God for what she was to me here, all thro' my early days—from childhood up to womanhood—more to me than it is within the power of my pen to tell!

Please pardon this epistle, Mr. Angell—which has been prompted "out of the abundance of the heart;"—interrupted once, meantime, to carry out a handful of apples to a big team-horse, allowed to stop and rest a little with his load, just opposite my windows. Oh, that everybody knew *the happiness there is in understanding and in loving these dumb creatures, that are so responsive and so worthy of our care and love!*

MARY P. LORD.

#### AN ASTONISHED NEWS BOY.

A newsboy took the Sixth avenue elevated at Park place at noon recently, and sliding into one of the cross seats fell asleep. At Grand street two young women got on and took the seats opposite the lad. His feet were bare and his hat had fallen off. Presently the younger girl leaned over and placed her muff under the little fellow's dirty cheek. An old gentleman in the next seat smiled at the act, and without saying anything held out a quarter, with a nod toward the boy. The girl hesitated a moment and then reached for it. The next man just as silently offered a dime, a woman across the aisle held out some pennies, and before she knew it the girl with flaming cheeks had taken money from every passenger in that end of the car. She quietly slid the amount into the sleeping lad's pocket, removing her muff gently from under his head without rousing him and got off at Twenty-third street, including all the passengers in a pretty little inclination of the head that seemed full of thanks and the possession of a common secret.—*New York World*.

#### TO TAME A BIRD.

*No creature is more jealous or sensitive than a bird*, says Olive Thorn Miller. It is easy, however, to win the heart of almost any bird, and without starving him or making him think he has mastered you. *Simply talk to him a good deal*. Place his cage near you on your desk or work table, and retain his choicest dainty to give to him with your own fingers. Let him know that he can never have that particular thing unless he takes it from you, and he will soon learn, if you are patient and do not disconcert him by fixing your eyes upon him. After this he will more readily take it from your lips; and then when you let him out of his cage, after the first excitement is over, he will come to you, especially if you have a call you have accustomed him to, and accept the dainty from you while free. As soon as he becomes really convinced that you will not hurt him, or try to catch him, or interfere in any way with his liberty, he will give way to his boundless curiosity about you; he will pull your hair, pick at your eyes and give you as much of his company as you desire.





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## THE BOY WHO BECAME A SCULPTOR.

### THE BOY WHO BECAME A SCULPTOR.

In a little Italian village there once lived a jolly stone-cutter named Pisano. He was poor of course, or he would not have been a stone-cutter; but he was full of good-humor, and everybody liked him.

There was one little boy, especially, who loved old Pisano, and whom Pisano loved more than anybody else in the world. This was Antonio Canova, Pisano's grandson, who had come to live with him because his father was dead, and his mother had married a harsh man who was unkind to little Antonio. Antonio was a frail little fellow, and his grandfather liked to have him near him during his working hours.

While Pisano worked at stone-cutting, little Antonio played at it, and amused himself with making clay figures, drawing, and cutting into shape the small pieces of rock which lay about the yard. The old grandfather soon saw that the pale-faced little fellow at his side was wonderfully skilful at such things.

As the boy grew older he began to help in the shop during the day, while in the evening his grandmother told him stories or sang to him. All these things were of great value to him, for, without his knowing it, they were improving his taste and awakening his imagination.

It so happened that Signor Faliero, a man of great wealth and rare understanding

in matters of art, had a palace near Pisano's house, and at certain times entertained many distinguished guests there. When the palace was very full of visitors, old Pisano was sometimes hired to help the servants with their tasks; and Antonio sometimes did work there, for a day or two, when some great feast was given.

At one time, when Signor Faliero was to entertain a very large company at dinner, young Antonio was at work among the pots and pans in the kitchen. The head-servant came in, just before the dinner-hour, in great trouble. The man who had been at work upon the large ornament for the table had sent word that he had spoiled the piece. What was to be done? The poor fellow whose business it was to put the table in order was at his wit's end.

While every one was wondering what it would be best to do, the little boy came forward and said,

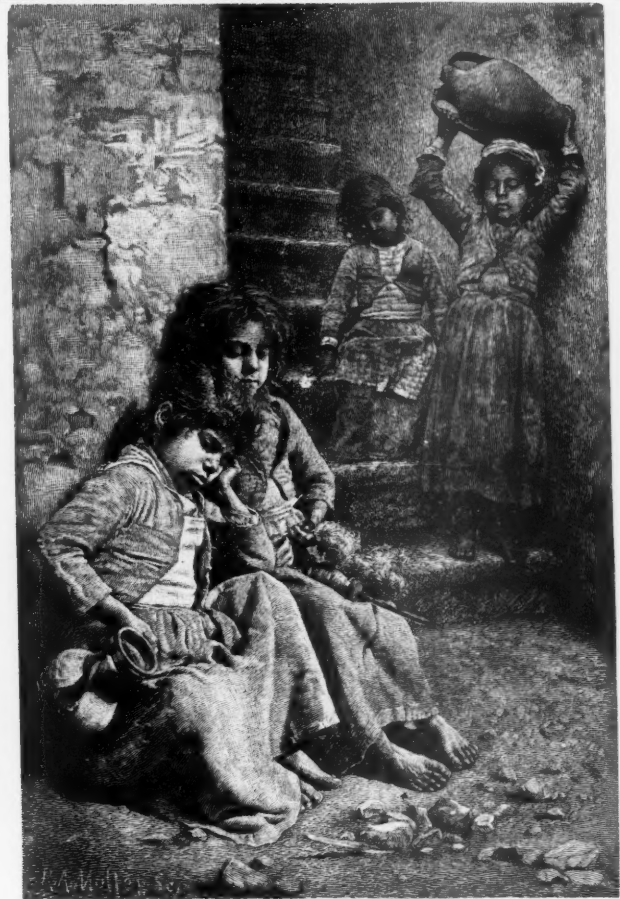
"If you will let me try, I think I can make something that will do."

"You!" cried the servant; "and who are you?"

"I am Antonio Canova, the grandson of Pisano," answered the pale-faced little fellow.

"And, pray, what can you do?"

"I can make you something that will do for the middle of the table," said the boy, "if you will let me try."



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## CHILD LIFE IN ITALY.

The servant, not knowing what else to do, told Antonio that he might try. Calling for a large quantity of butter, the boy quickly moulded a great crouching lion, which everybody in the kitchen said was beautiful, and which the now rejoicing head-servant placed carefully upon the table.

At the dinner that day there were many of the most noted men of Venice—merchants, princes, noblemen, and lovers of art—and among them were many skilled critics of art-work. When these people came to the table, their eyes fell upon the butter lion, and they forgot the purpose for which they had entered the dining-room. They saw there something of higher worth in their eyes than any dinner could be, namely, a work of genius.

They looked at the lion long and carefully, and then began praising it, and asking Faliero to tell them what great sculptor he had persuaded to waste his skill upon a work in butter, that must quickly melt away. But Signor Faliero knew as little as they, and he had, in his turn, to ask the chief servant. When the company learned that the lion was the work of a boy, Faliero called the boy into the dining-room, and the dinner became a sort of feast in his honor.

But it was not enough to praise the lad. These were men who knew that such genius as his belonged to the world, not to

a village, and nothing could please them more than to aid in giving him an education. Signor Faliero himself declared that he would pay the lad's expenses, and place him under the instruction of the best masters.

The boy, whose highest wish had been to become a village stone-cutter, and whose home had been in his poor old grandfather's cottage, became at once a member of Signor Faliero's family, living in his palace, having at his command everything that money could buy, and being daily instructed by the best masters in Venice.

But he was not in the least spoiled by this change in his life. He was still the same simple, earnest, and faithful boy. He worked as hard to gain knowledge and skill in art as he had meant to work to become a good stone-cutter. Antonio Canova's course from the day on which he moulded butter into a lion was steadily upward; and when he died he was not only one of the greatest sculptors of his own time, but one of the greatest of all time. — GEO. CARY EGLESTON, *Harper's Fourth Reader*.

#### NEW BANDS OF MERCY.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 6725 Jackson, Cal.<br>Wild Flower Band.<br>P., Minnie Maher.                  | 6753 Pansy No. 2 Band.<br>P., L. E. Trainer.   |
| 6726 Hillsboro, No. Dakota.<br>P., O. P. Ganstad.                             | 6754 Lily No. 2 Band.<br>P., A. M. Renz.   |
| 6727 Evergreen, La.<br>Willing Workers Band.<br>P., Wm. B. Purvis.            | 6755 Busy Bee No. 2 Band.<br>P., G. A. Mayo.   |
| 6728 Windsorville, Conn.<br>P., Gertie Rowley.                                | 6756 Violet No. 2 Band.<br>P., H. F. Black.  |
| 6729 Ottawa, Ill.<br>Public Schools.<br>Never Fail Band.<br>P., Miss Dudgeon. | 6757 Bluebird No. 2 Band.<br>P., H. M. Hill.   |
| 6730 Pansy Band.<br>P., Miss Miller.  | 6758 Indianapolis, Ind.<br>Rosebud Band.<br>P., Margie Taylor.<br>S., Carrie Fox.                                |
| 6731 Golden Rule Band.<br>P., Mr. Bathurst.                                   | 6759 Lookout Club Band.<br>P., Lulie B. Wiles.<br>S., Willie F. Johnson.   |
| 6732 I'll Try Band.<br>P., Miss Maher.  | 6760 Poyette, Wis.<br>P., Velma C. Melville.   |
| 6733 Robin Band.<br>P., C. D. Seaverns.                                       | 6761 Stoneham, Mass.<br>P., M. F. Livingston.  |
| 6734 Bluebird Band.<br>P., Anna Riordon.                                      | 6762 Inwood, Iowa.<br>Willing Workers Band.<br>P., Julia Haseth.<br>S., Fred Buckman.                            |
| 6735 Lily Band.<br>P., E. A. Sage.  | 6763 Chicago, Ill.<br>Recruits for Christ's<br>Kingdom Band.<br>P., Florence E. G. Simms.<br>S., Nellie Fulghum. |
| 6736 Busy Bee Band.<br>P., Jennie F. Smith.                                   | 6764 Crawfordville, Ind.<br>Little Soldiers' Band.<br>P., Jennie A. Lee.   |
| 6737 Redbird Band.<br>P., Alice M. Patchen.                                   | 6765 Indianapolis, Ind.<br>Public Schools.<br>P., Fannie Murphy.   |
| 6738 Canary Band.<br>P., Alice V. Bastien.                                    | 6766 Park Band.<br>P., Wealtha Wilson.   |
| 6739 Rose Band.<br>P., Miss Harrison.   | 6767 N. Liberty Band.<br>P., Rachel Segar.   |
| 6740 Daisy Band.<br>P., J. M. Bailey.   | 6768 Ash St. Band.<br>P., Lucy Youre.  |
| 6741 Whittier Band.<br>P., M. M. Newbecker.                                   | 6769 Fort Wayne Band.<br>P., Lydia Hally.  |
| 6742 Oriole Band.<br>P., M. McGinsey.   | 6770 College Band.<br>P., Mollie E. Bond.  |
| 6743 Willing Workers Band.<br>P., Kate Sinnott.                               | 6771 No. Davidson St. Band.<br>P., Alice Bayer.  |
| 6744 Morning Glory Band.<br>P., D. P. Finnerty.                               | 6772 Longfellow Band.<br>P., Anna Reddington.  |
| 6745 Star Band.<br>P., L. A. Burke.   | 6773 Flint, Ohio.<br>L. L. Band.<br>P., Lizzie G. Butler.  |
| 6746 Violet Band.<br>P., Bettie F. Dewey.                                     | 6774 Morton, Pa.<br>P., Annie J. Matthews.   |
| 6747 Garfield Band.<br>P., Nellie H. Rochelle.                                | 6775 Bristol, Conn.<br>L. L. Band.<br>P., Sarah C. Good-<br>enough.<br>S., Lena J. Upson.                        |
| 6748 Tulip Band.<br>P., A. M. Gondolf.  | 6776 Honey Brook, Pa.<br>P., Caroline L. Manship.  |
| 6749 Verbena Band.<br>P., C. J. Glover.                                       |  |
| 6750 Hope Band.<br>P., Cora J. Pickens.                                       |  |
| 6751 Buttercups Band.<br>P., Ida Stuckmyer.                                   |  |
| 6752 Washington Band.<br>P., L. E. Rochelle.                                  |  |

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 6777 Indianapolis, Ind.<br>Hoosier Band.<br>P., Alice B. Griffith.   | 6778 Hoopston, Ill.<br>Public Schools.<br>Golden Rule Band.<br>P., R. A. Bayne.                                 |
| 6779 Willing Workers' Band.<br>P., Louie Fent.   | 6780 Pansy Band.<br>P., Lutie Wetzel.   |
| 6781 Grammar School Band.<br>P., Clara Steely.   | 6782 Tulip Band.<br>P., Carrie Owen.  |
| 6783 Rose Band.<br>P., Emma Gaskill.   | 6784 Redbird Band.<br>P., Sadie Hanna.  |
| 6785 Busy Bee Band.<br>P., Lulie Willis.   | 6786 Bluebird Band.<br>P., Fannie Armstrong.  |
| 6787 Stockton, Cal.<br>The Young Gleaners'<br>Band.<br>P., Ida Johnson.<br>S., Nellie Campbell.  | 6788 Port Henry, N. Y.<br>Lake Champlain Band.<br>P., Chas. W. Lansing.   |
| 6789 Indianapolis, Ind.<br>P., Dora Wenner.  | 6790 Watseka, Ill.<br>Busy Bee Band.<br>P., Frances Mahan.  |
| 6791 Rosebud Band.<br>P., May Raymond.   | 6792 Lily Band.<br>P., Hettie Martin.   |
| 6793 Willing Workers' Band.<br>P., Emma L. Schaeffer.  | 6794 Daisy Band.<br>P., Ella Vennum.  |
| 6795 Washington Band.<br>P., Kittie M. Eno.  | 6796 Golden Rule Band.<br>P., Alice Hardy.  |
| 6797 Lincoln Band.<br>P., Lillie Wright.   | 6798 Ann Arbor, Mich.<br>Forget-Me-Not Band.<br>P., Oluf Peterson.<br>P., Lena Bailey.<br>S., Amelia Schneider. |
| 6799 Stockton, Cal.<br>Little Helpers' Band.<br>P., Edna Orr.  | 6800 Prescott, Wis.<br>Blue Bells Band.<br>P., Mrs. Mary E. Postle-<br>thwaite.                                 |
| 6801 Boston, Mass.<br>Vincent Band.<br>P., A. J. Pecker.<br>P., Mary McGovern.<br>S., Caroline A. Derby.<br>Assl. - S., Lizzie M.<br>Taylor. | 6802 Stockton, Cal.<br>Eureka Band.<br>P., J. Emily Wagner.   |
| 6803 Star of the West Band.<br>P., Margaret G. Meehan.   | 6804 Indianapolis, Ind.<br>Faithful Band.<br>P., Arthur Moore.<br>S., Anna Sickles.<br>T., Willie Wilkinson.    |
| 6805 Lansing, Mich.<br>Earnest Workers' Band.<br>P., Floy Sherman.<br>S., Anna Davis.  | 6806 Stockton, Cal.<br>P., May E. White.  |

#### FIELD SPORTS.

#### FROM THE LIFE OF WILLIAM EDWARD FORSTER, THE ENGLISH STATESMAN.

[This extract is sent us by one of the most highly honored clergymen of Massachusetts, a man respected and beloved by all religious denominations, with request that we publish in "Our Dumb Animals." We are most glad to publish, and only wish we were at liberty to print also the letter enclosing it.]

"Living in the country, Forster had full opportunity for gratifying that love of nature which had marked his character from boyhood. There was one particular, however, in which his life was very different from that of the average country gentleman. For sport, so-called, he entertained something like a feeling of abhorrence. From his mother as a boy he had learned to detest anything in the nature of cruelty to dumb animals. As he grew older this feeling seemed to grow stronger. Nothing appeared to arouse him to nobler intense indignation than any persecution of the animal creation. It followed that he refrained scrupulously from all field sports. He never hunted; and though the heights of Wharfedale are crowned by great stretches of moorland, he never shot, save as a marksman in a volunteer competition. The Wharfe is one of the best trout streams in Yorkshire; but Mr. Forster never fished. It is said, indeed, that the only animal he ever killed was an old cat whose sufferings he wished to terminate. Some of his friends still remember how anxiously he inquired of them as to the speediest and easiest mode of putting an end to its existence. It was not these detestations of cruelty to animals that he felt, however. He had a positive affection for them of the strongest kind. The pets of his own household played almost as important a part in the domestic economy as their human neighbors, and he was miserable if any of them were suffering. When the time came for him to exercise power as one of the ministers of the crown, he used it with vigor on behalf of his dumb constituents, who had nothing but love to give him in return for the services which he rendered to them. He was able to do something to lighten the sufferings inflicted upon cattle in their transit by railway from town to town, and he did what he could to prevent the needless torture to animals by means of vivisection."

#### TWO TOWNS—A CONTRAST.

Vineland, New Jersey, has a population of ten thousand; there is a clause in every deed forbidding the sale of liquor. During six months no citizen required any assistance from the overseer of the poor. During one year there was one indictment, and that for disturbance between two colored persons; there were but three fires, and only one house burned; the taxes are only one per cent., and there is no debt. The police expenses are seventy-five dollars a year.

A little town in New England, of less than ten thousand inhabitants, maintains forty grog shops; a police judge, city marshals, four night watchmen, and six policemen for the protection of the peace of the town. Four fire companies of forty men costing three thousand dollars a year are called out on an average every other week; it costs two thousand and five hundred dollars a year to support the poor, and the township owes one hundred and twenty thousand dollars.—*Exchange*.

## PORTLAND, MAINE.

The following, from the "Portland Daily Press," has so much good thought, that we gladly give it a place in our columns.

### OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Reform in relations of men to dumb animals is making rapid and powerful progress throughout the civilized world. Humane Societies and Bands of Mercy are constantly increasing in number and in membership. Never was there more complete proof of Shakspeare's definition of Mercy, "It blesses him that gives and him that takes," than is afforded by the records of these associations during the short time that they have existed. Sympathy and kindness to animals are not less beneficial to the man who protects than to the creature protected. The care of a horse, a cow, even of a canary bird, is a responsibility, an education, a test of character; and draws out the justice and tenderness which are among the divinest qualities of mankind. Animals are good friends, faithful, forgiving, responsive to kind treatment; and the companionship of a horse or dog can lead into no bad ways or teach ill lessons. There is no more direct manner of fitting a boy for his future responsibilities in life than to give him the charge of a calf, a lamb, or a kitten: to make him answerable for its welfare, and teach him to study its nature and its needs.

Figures attest the worth of humane education. Among nearly 7000 children taught kindness to animals in a Scotch public school, it has been found that not one has ever been charged in any court with a criminal offence. M. de Sully, an eminent instructor in France, who made humane teachings an important part of his work, has written: "I am convinced that kindness to animals is the beginning of moral perfection, and that a child who is taught humanity to them will in later years learn to love his fellowmen." Of about 2000 prison convicts questioned upon the subject, only 12 had had any pet animals during their childhood.

Cruelty to dumb creatures is, in most cases, the result of thoughtlessness and want of sympathy. The reform of cruelty must be effected by the education of public sentiment, and to do this a general and generous effort must be made. The Portland S. P. C. A. — in common with similar associations in other cities — has the satisfaction to find that in course of the past few years the condition of dumb animals is greatly bettered. It is no longer fashionable to carry a whip, and a cheerful word is the general substitute for the rude shout that is an offence to the fine ear of a horse. It is understood that to chase a cow with sticks and stones is to distress the animal and render her milk harmful to the children who depend upon it for food. It has become so unpopular to maltreat a harmless creature that a policeman a few days since was reprimanded and dismissed from the police force of Portland because he had kicked a little kitten off the sidewalk. Civic justice is never more estimable than when it protects the least among its dependents, and the defence of that kitten was no slight sign of the right government of Portland. The fearlessness of doves and sparrows in our streets (there is an Italian saying, "as good friends as doves and sparrows") is a testimony to the gentle manhood and boyhood of the city.

Much has been done toward the improvement of public feeling toward dumb animals, and this is encouragement to believe that much more can be accomplished. The usefulness of the Portland S. P. C. A. is limited only by its means, and it may be safely guaranteed that every dollar entrusted to it will be well spent. At present Mr. Wing is canvassing the city for subscriptions to the S. P. C. A., and it is hoped that the public will contribute cordially to this object, which means protection to the dumb animals and the increase of humane sentiment among men.

Mr. Wing will also receive subscriptions to a monthly journal, *Our Dumb Animals*, published in Boston, by President George T. Angell, of the American Humane Education Society. It is a delightful and profitable paper for every member of a family, from the oldest to the youngest, and containing sketches, poems and illustrations

of excellent literary quality. The editor excludes from its columns the harrowing stories of cruelty, of which so many must come to his knowledge; and selects with rare tact such reading matter and pictures as will enforce in the most attractive manner lessons of humanity and mercy.

### THE NEST BUILDERS.

The green boughs rustle by my window,

The soft leaves tremble to and fro,

A nest is growing in the shadow,

I watch the builders come and go.

Out of the free four winds of heaven

The pretty hidden home is made;

A straw, a twig, the down of thistle,

With moss and grasses overlaid.

I hear the light wings flitting, flitting,

They take no time for rest or play,

While falls the rain or broods the sunlight

The busy birds improve the day.

They gather up the gifts I throw them, —

A silken thread, a ribbon end, —

Then come again with pleasant twitter,

As if to thank and call me friend.

No thanks, dear little merry workers!

I shall be doubly glad of spring,

When by-and-by, beside my window,

The baby-birds begin to sing.

— *Youth's Companion.*

### OUR HAPPY SECRET.

Oh, I could n't help it!

It came to me

Out of the midst

Of an old apple-tree,

Came to me soft.

With a chirping note —

Out popped the secret

From dear little throat:

"Just here, just here, the nest shall be,

Nobody knows it! Oh, happy are we!"

I did n't listen!

I tell you true;

They told it, — and I,

Say — what could I do?

They sang it, and sang it,

Not looking at me,

Who sat looking out

At that old apple-tree:

"Just here, just here, the nest shall be,

Nobody knows it! Oh, happy are we!"

Do you think I'd tell,

Oh, dear me, no!

Just where that wee nest

Is going to grow?

You could n't find,

If a week you tried,

My apple-tree, where

That home shall hide.

"Just where, just where that nest shall be

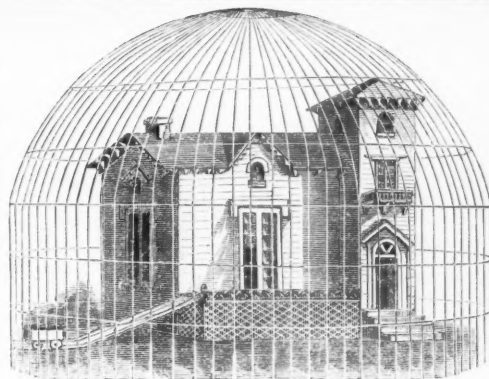
Nobody knows — only we three!"

— *Margaret Sidney.*

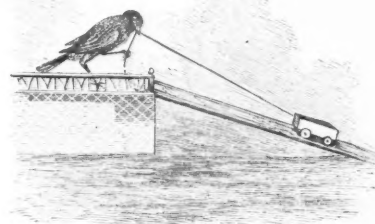
### BE CAREFUL OF YOUR SIGNATURE.

A gentleman of wealth, while practicing penmanship one day, wrote his name upon a blank slip of paper and allowed it to lie on his desk. It attracted the attention of a neighbor, who, for a joke filled the space above the signature in the form of a promissory note, and a few days afterward the joking neighbor presented the paper, with an offer to allow considerable discount if the apparent drawer would cash it at the time. The gentleman perceived the joke, and the holder of the document, placing it in his pocket, departed, and nothing more was said about it. Subsequently the holder died, and his executors, finding the note, and having no knowledge of the joke attached to it, brought suit and received the sum for which it was drawn. — *Youth's Companion.*

[It is a good plan and one we have uniformly for years adopted, never to write our name on a blank without writing something over it, or in some way filling the blank. — *Editor.*]



CAPTAIN JINKS' HOUSE.



CAPTAIN JINKS.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

### CAPTAIN JINKS.

This house is about a foot and a half high, and a foot and a half broad, with windows, doors, balconies, and a piazza in front.

Here lives Capt. Jinks, a little canary bird; and here he keeps house. The captain does his own house work; and, while he works, he sings, as all cheerful workers should do. One of the tunes he sings is called "Capt. Jinks;" and he stands so straight, and is so soldier-like, that you can almost imagine he says the words, and tells people that he is Capt. Jinks.

At one end of the piazza in front of Capt. Jink's cottage, there is a board sloping to the ground: at the foot of the board stands a tin wagon filled with bird-seed. It is just large enough to go up and down the little track upon the board; he pulls the string with his beak, then holds it with his foot until he pulls a little more, and so draws it all the way up.

Then off he hops to the other end of the piazza, where a little bucket is let down by a string, through a hole, into a tumbler of water. "I think I'll take a drink of water," he says, and so draws up the bucket, and takes a drink. After finishing his dinner, off he hops, and begins his song again. When supper-time comes, he eats and drinks again; and then goes up into his bed-room, tucks his head under his wing, and goes to sleep.

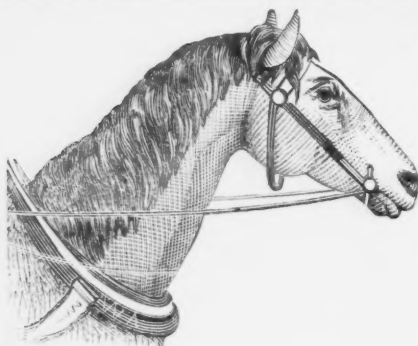
AUNT JENNY.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

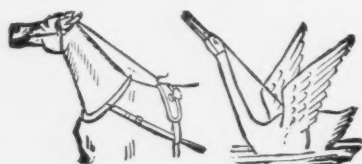
### TO PREVENT RAILWAY COLLISIONS.

An Australian is said to have designed a truck to be run before every train, at an adjustable distance, by an electric current transmitted from a dynamo on the engine. If the truck comes in collision with any body in front, certain glass tubes, in which the current is conducted, are broken. The current is thus broken, and at the same moment the brakes of the train are automatically applied. This may or may not be a working discovery, still there is sure to be some method, ere long, for making high speed travel almost absolutely secure. — *Globe-Democrat.*





Happy Horse—No Blinders or Check-Rein.



Unnatural and Cruel.

Why is a ship the politest thing in the world?  
Because she always advances with a bow.

#### HOW TO RECOGNIZE THEM.

BY J. J. KELSO,

*Secretary of the Toronto Humane Society.*

After children have belonged to the Band of Mercy for some time it is very easy to recognize them. If they are good members they will always be seeking an opportunity to make others happy. At home they will be eager to help mother; they will not speak harsh words to the younger children, but will play with them and amuse them; they will treat the household pets kindly and see that they are fed, and they will visit and cheer up little friends who are sick, and will do hundreds of other kind acts.

On the street and in the playground they will act honorably with each other; the boys will not ill-treat some little fellow who has no friends, nor will they allow a big boy to beat or wrong a smaller one; they will not throw stones at the dogs or try to hit birds with a catapult; they will not tell lies or be deceitful, or do anything that is unmanly. The little girls will not be so mean as to tell tales about other girls when they are absent, but they will always try to be like the sunbeams, bringing light and gladness and warmth wherever they go.

#### Receipts by the Society in April.

##### FINES.

From *Justices' Courts*.—Conway, (2 cases), \$20; W. Brookfield, \$5.  
*Police Courts*.—Fitchburg, (Paid at Jail), \$50; Lowell, \$15; Chicopee, \$1.  
*District Courts*.—Cambridge, (4 cases), \$80; Concord, \$10; Clinton, \$25.  
*Municipal Court*.—Boston, \$10.  
Witness Fees, \$3.55; Total \$219.55.

#### MEMBERS AND DONORS.

Geo. C. Lee, \$50; Mrs. Ernestine May Kettle, \$50; Miss Marion Russell, \$25; Capt. R. B. Forbes, \$25; Miss Helen C. Bradlee, \$20; Wm. Sumner Bolles, \$3; J. W. Chadsey, \$3.

##### TEN DOLLARS EACH.

Mrs. E. L. Bennett, Mrs. Edw. B. Everett, Sarah G. Putnam, Thompson Baxter, Mrs. Mifflin, Wm. Endicott, Hon. Rodney Wallace, Mrs. Hammond Brown, Jno. E. Thayer, E. I. Browne, Andrew G. Weeks, J. W. Wheelwright.

##### FIVE DOLLARS EACH.

Mrs. H. Beech, Mrs. J. H. Meredith, Henry S. Grew, Mrs. W. F. Matchett, C. F. Forbes, Miss E. D. Burnside, Mrs. Chas. E. Thayer, Mrs. J. Freeman Clarke, Cora H.

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#### PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Animal World. London, England.  
Band of Mercy and Humane Educator. Philadelphia, Pa.  
Humane Journal. Chicago, Ill.  
Our Animal Friends. New York, N. Y.  
Zoophilist, London, England.  
Band of Mercy. Sydney, New South Wales.  
Animals Friend. Vienna, Austria.  
Cimbria. Schleswig-Holstein, Germany.  
Zoophilist. Naples, Italy.  
Boston, Mass. Report of the Ellen M. Gifford Sheltering Home for Animals, for 1888.  
Indianapolis, Ind. First Annual Report of Indiana Humane Society, for 1888.  
Edinburgh, Scotland. Forty-ninth Annual Report of the Scottish S. P. C. A., for 1888.  
Calcutta, India. Report of the Calcutta S. P. C. A., for 1888.  
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